



## “BLESSED ARE THEY THAT MOURN.”

FROM THE GERMAN, BY REV. FP. JAMES, C. C. C.

### I.



AUTUMN winds are singing Nature's death song,  
 And her foliage dead becomes her pall;  
 Yellow leaflets—lifeless dreams of spring-time—  
 Over many lonesome graves now fall.  
 Sadly we are warned by Nature's last sigh  
 That we must die!

### II.

Plaintive tones through cypress trees are whispering  
 Cries of anguish, by some souls distressed,  
 Burning in the purging flames of Justice  
 Ere they're freed to enter Peace and Rest.  
 Let us join our prayers with Nature's last sighs  
 That they may rise!

### III.

Courage! Upwards points the Christian tombstone,  
 To direct to heav'n our weary eyes.  
 Those whose ashes rest beneath the cold sod  
 Hold their souls in peace above the skies.  
 Hopeful tidings—whisper Nature's last sighs  
 That we shall rise!

### IV.

Yea, to those whom death from us hath parted,  
 In whose mem'ry sad our souls now weep,  
 Faith doth tell us, we shall be united  
 After this our transient final sleep.  
 Nature's dying breezes whisper words sweet  
 That we shall meet!

## The Life and Catholic Journalism

OF THE LATE

## JAMES A. McMASTER,

Editor of the New York Freeman's Journal and  
Catholic Register.

Edited by VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

For the Carmelite Review.

## CHAPTER VIII.—(CONTINUED.)



N the *Freeman's Journal* issued on March 29, 1879, we find the following editorial:

THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP BALTES AND THE  
FREEMAN'S JOURNAL.

"I have received from Alton, undoubtedly with the approbation of its pious and venerable Bishop, an *Appendix* to his 'Pastoral Instruction,' which instruction, dated January 23rd, was promulgated in the first days of February. According to its terms, no Catholic journal, published in Rome—or in Italy—no Catholic journal published in France, Germany, Belgium, Holland, or in the British Dominions, and very few published in America, can be read in Alton Diocese after the first days of April. The good and pious, and excellent, Bishop of Alton, Rt. Rev. Dr. Baltes, never meant that! But he said it! His *Appendix* to his *Pastoral Instruction*, indirectly, but not directly, lifts his interdict from Catholic journals, Italian, French, German, of Holland, Belgium, of the British possessions; but, as the Rt. Rev. Bishop Baltes, on false information, put the *Freeman's Journal*, by name, on his interdict, it is, and we will consider it, under his ban, till he is graciously pleased to raise it. Therefore, after one more issue following the present, all copies going to Catholics in Alton Diocese, of their dear old *Freeman's Journal*, will be stopped! We do not believe this pain will be given them.

"The matter in question is not what the excellent Bishop of Alton supposed it. We read, and rejoice, in No. 506, of the published 'Decrees of the Second Plenary Council of Baltimore.' It said: 'It may happen that journals (*Folia publica*), may be written, or managed, by Catholic gentlemen, (*viris Catholicis*), that may tend, indirectly, to the good of the Catholic Faith. But lest what these may write, in the interest of political parties, may be attributed to the Catholic Religion, or to Catholic Authority, as is sometimes done by bad-minded adversaries, we wish it to be known, and declared, that no paper is recognized, by us (Bishops), as Catholic,

except such as carry on their face the approbation of the Ordinary.'

"That is in complete accord with our late Holy Father's (Pius IX.) grand *Encyclical 'Inter Multiplices.'*

"That grants to Catholic gentlemen—('Catholicis viris') all the elbow room they need to work! Not the Catholic Church, nor local Prelates, are responsible for journalists' political opinions, or other opinions, on open questions, of human dispute. Every Bishop that has taken his oath of office is bound to hunt out, and guard his flock, against false, wrong, dangerous, and, surely, against heretical doctrines, spread among his people!

"Bishop Baltes, in an incidental remark, did not intend to wound me; but he did. Why did he say my conduct 'so far,' has been what a Catholic owes to a Bishop? I do not know Dr. Baltes! But I know he is a Bishop, in Communion and grace with the Holy Roman Church. I know I am a Catholic, and, by the grace of our Lord, and help of His Immaculate Mother, I know there are not Prelates enough in all America to exasperate me into forgetting why I became a Catholic, or what I am living for!

"That, in an abridged form, is what I said to the unhappy John Murray Forbes, on the day he published his apostasy from the Catholic Church; when he, most foolishly, said I could never stay in the Catholic Church! Foolish man!

"Only in the Catholic Church can a man say, and believe, the Christian *Credo*, be a worshipper of God, and of His Christ, and be freer than any wild ass's colt that thinks himself free, because he is without discipline!

"It is because I am free, that I know how to respect authority—to obey where obedience is due; to show respect, where respect is due; and to wait, with patience, now and then, till authority has time to take a second thought, and to understand what duties it owes its own dignity, and estimation in face of the best regulated public.

"I publish of the 'Appendix, to the Pastoral,' of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton, all that relates, especially to the New York *Freeman's Journal*. I carefully omit his arguments, on other points, with other Bishops. Also his arguments with the learned Dr. Mahar, of Cleveland, and others. In fact, as a very strict Catholic, I am some little embarrassed. I am put, in my *Journal*, at a disadvantage. I am condemned, first—for Alton Diocese—and then the Bishop of Alton almost compliments me! Almost raises his interdict of my *Journal*, for the Diocese of Alton, and argues with me! I cannot argue, under an Interdict, with the interdicting Bishop! My Catholic training has been too thorough for that!

"Will it be disrespectful to the dignity

of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton to suggest to him whether, in the meantime, he might not leave the regulation of my personal behavior to the Venerable Bishop of Brooklyn, in whose diocese, for some years, I am domiciled?

"And, as to the general conduct of my *Journal*, would the venerable and excellent Bishop of Alton feel it *unsafe* to leave me to the direction, supervision, admonition, correction, reproof, of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, in whose Diocese my paper is published; and where I have mostly lived, and still principally live.

"These venerable Prelates have known me for over thirty years, know that I am just what I am! Know my great faults; know I am, every now and then, a most *uncomfortable* neighbor! but they do know that I have only to have proof that Ecclesiastical authority—the authority of these Bishops,—commands me, to make me tame as a kitten, in my fiercest moods!

"I suppose these Prelates obedient to Rome. I *know* they are! Therefore, when Rome speaks, I suppose them to speak. But I do not expect Rome to speak to me, usually, except through one or other Prelate, to whom, by residence, or by business, I am under jurisdiction. In short: I know what I am about!

"I am a Catholic, mean to be a *man*, and *save my soul*, as a man ought to make it his first, and best honor, to do.

"I have asked of you, Rt. Rev. Bishop Baltes, to lift, remove, from my *Journal*, an Interdict, that you imposed under *false information*? Impossible! Bishop, had you known my *Journal*, that you could have interdicted it.

"I ask it, now, again! I ask it not as a grace! I ask it as a *right*! If your conscience does not move you to it—then—as you are learned in Canon-law, I *demand* of you to proceed against me, in the Court of the Metropolitan See of New York, where my paper is published! Send your Procurator! I will give him every facility, at my offices. He can have a room to himself, and the thirty-one years of my work, in the *Freeman's Journal*, to hunt over, for something *against Faith, Morals, or Catholic Discipline*! I will, before he goes into that private room, with my thirty-one years' work to hunt over, sign a document, and agree to have it attested by a Prothonotary Apostolic, that I will make no Canonical objection, in regard to a lapse of time, but will count matters of twenty, or twenty-five, or thirty years ago, as valid against me, as if they had been within the year.

"I ask you, Rt. Rev. Sir, once more, to *withdraw, absolutely*, from me, and my paper, the only note of Episcopal Censure that has ever been passed on me or it."

The interdiction laid on the *Freeman's Journal* by the late Bishop of Alton was

afterwards revoked and atoned for privately, but not publicly.

In another article in the issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, March 1, 1879, he denies a charge which was repeated, that the late Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, ever *officially disapproved* of the *Freeman's Journal*:

"It is false that the *Freeman* is, or has been, in any way *officially disapproved* by Cardinal McCloskey our Archbishop. Were he not officially to admonish, but so much as to express his judgment to us, in any conceivable matter of discussion, he *knows* we would heed him.

"Once only, on his first return from Rome, after being made Cardinal, he asked us to see him. With the kindness of a true father to a rough son, he complimented us on some passing good thing, and in the gentlest and most exquisite manner—recognizing how far we were right—pointed out in what, *for the present*, we went *farther* than the Pope and the Holy Roman See!

"We took it as an *admonition*, though it was given so as not to *hurt*—were we weaker than we are. And yet, though it touched a vital point in Catholic discipline, that 'instruction' for it was that, has ever since unnerved us in the discussion of the question that we had looked at in a different light."

One of the sweetest consolations of his latter life, as Mr. M. F. Egan tells us, was the affection he held for the present Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, at whose name his eyes would brighten to the last, and in whose praise he was never weary of speaking, and whose sympathy, Prelate—never failed to soothe and please him.

"There is another instance of the instinct of McMaster's faith," said Archbishop Corrigan, "that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day."

It has also been said of McMaster that *there were times when he might have been more prudent, and when his boldness might have been tempered with discretion.*

"Be wise as serpents," said our Lord to His Apostles; but do not stop there: be more over, "simple as doves." Now, there is a *natural* and a *supernatural prudence*, says St. Francis de Sales. We must mortify the natural prudence when it suggests to us various unnecessary considerations and precautions which keep our souls from being "simple as doves."

There is, again, a certain human pru-

dence, that of self, which Holy Writ calls deadly, inasmuch as it will only aid to do evil, and insidiously it is the secret spring of artifice and duplicity.

Supernatural prudence ought to be indeed practised, because it is, as it were, a spiritual salt which gives taste and savor to all other virtues, but it must be practised in such a manner, that the virtue of confidence, (I mean that which is simple and loving) may predominate, and make us abide in peace in the hands of our heavenly Father, quite secure.

What then is the prudence of the serpent? When the serpent is attacked, it exposes its whole body to save its head. So, in like manner ought we to act, exposing everything to danger when it is necessary, in order to preserve within us, unmolested, our Lord and His love; for He is our Head, and we are His members; and it is herein that prudence perfectly accords with simplicity. *Now, McMaster was never guided by human prudence.* He hated and detested it. He tried to act up to supernatural prudence, if he had at times the beak and the pluck of the eagle's talons.

"At the time of the Vatican Council," says Cardinal Manning, "there were some who thought that the Catholic doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope should not be defined, lest schismatics and heretics should be repelled yet further from the Church." But their reason was not good. It arose from human prudence. The reason that prevailed for the definition of the dogma in question was "that Catholics have a right to be taught by the Council what they are to believe in so weighty a matter, lest the pernicious error of the time should in the end infect simple minds and the masses of the people unawares. Hence it was that the Fathers of Lyons and of Trent deemed themselves bound to establish the doctrine of the truth, notwithstanding the offence that might be taken by schismatics and heretics. For if these seek the truth in sincerity, they will not be repelled, but, on the contrary, drawn towards us, when they see on what foundations chiefly repose the truths taught by the Catholic Church. But should any of them feel repelled by stating the truth, they are only such as seek a pretext for not joining the Catholic Church." (See Postulatum of Vat. Council.)

This decision of the Council was an act of supernatural prudence. McMaster acted according to this kind of prudence when, as we have already stated, he proved in the *Freeman's Journal* the opportune-ness of the definition of the Infallibility of the Pope

in matters of faith and morals. He never worshipped the idols of human prudence--the idol of *popularity*, the idol of *novelty in doctrine*, the idol of *human respect*, the idol of the *mighty dollar*. With something of the fierceness and energy of a Moses, he beat them to pieces.

One day St. Francis de Sales exclaimed: "My God! but what does popularity mean after all? Why do so many people worship that idol? It is but a song, a shadow, an opinion, a smoke, a praise--the recollection whereof dies with its sound. It is an estimate often so false, that persons wonder at being praised for virtues whereof they know themselves to possess only the opposite vices, and being blamed for faults which they have not." There are many worshippers of this idol of *popularity*. They are those who, considering themselves learned and wise, and true, refined gentlemen, rely too much on their own opinion and judgment in religious matters. They guide themselves only by their lights, and for want of humility care not to rise higher than *human prudence*. Thus they are grovelling all their life time in the likeness of their own ideas and sentiments--a littleness incredible in all that regards the great truths of our religion.

Such gentlemen are in the habit of always thinking first how a tenet, or a practice, or a fact is most presentable to the public. This habit soon and almost imperceptibly leads them to profaneness, and easily produces the spirit of liberalism and rationalism in matters of faith.

Their too delicate and fastidious taste has too much regard for the feelings of a certain class of people. We are aware that Christian charity demands of us to have due regard for the feelings of our neighbor. Charity, however, is not only not incompatible with truth, but it ever demands that the whole truth should be told well, especially when its concealment is a cause of error, or of perseverance in error and sin, in matters, too, of the greatest importance.

But McMaster, having never offered the smallest grain of incense to the idol of *popularity*, handled truth religiously and conscientiously, with simplicity, just in the way that God is pleased to give it to us through His Church. There is nothing in which he seemed to glory more than in delivering to his fellow-men the sacred truth

of religion, pure and uncorrupted. He was never ashamed of these divine truths. He rejoiced when he had to suffer for them. He had no worldly interest in view in making them known. He sought not the esteem and favor of men in proclaiming them. His only view was to promote the honor of God and the salvation of his fellow-men, and therefore he had no mind for using flattering words or for accommodating the doctrine of the Gospel to the likings of men. He used to say with St. Paul: "*We preach Christ crucified, to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Gentiles foolishness.*"

Nor has McMaster ever worshipped the idol of novelty in Catholic doctrine.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## El Señor de Santa Teresa.

*Adapted from the German for the Carmelite Review.*

BY REV. FR. JAMES, O. C. C.

III.

CONTINUED.



F the earth had opened up before him, a greater fright would not have taken possession of Felipe de Rivera than when he heard the news that Pastrana was still living and lying in the hut of his servant, Lucas, at Ixmiquilpan

in the Cardonal. This news was the more painful to him in as much as none other than Catalina de Mendoza, she for whose sake he had attempted the murder, was the tale-bearer to him of Pastrana's survival. She related everything to him; how Pastrana had been shot in the back on his way home from Pacluca to Mexico, and that he was robbed; also that one of the assassins had been found with a hole through his head at the scene of the tragedy, and that he had been identified as a convict, who two or three days previously had mysteriously disappeared from the prison, that this same one had been suspected of being the chief of a band of robbers; she also added that her father would try with might and main to discover the other murderers, &c.

Rivera attempted to cast suspicion upon Lucas, but learned from Catalina that

Pastrana had had lucid moments, and that during one of these he had solemnly declared before witnesses the innocence of his servant.

What if Pastrana had recognized him when he turned around before he fell from the horse, after the fatal shot had been fired? And, supposing in another such a lucid spell, he would designate him as murderer and robber, the honorable Caballero Felipe de Rivera, whose family was one of the highest in rank, both in Spain and in Mexico! Jealousy, thirst of gold, everything vanished now. The preservation of his honor was now supreme, for it was the last thing that still remained. The ground seemed to burn under him, and it required all he could do to master himself, so as not to betray the shock which he had received.

He could no longer endure to stay in Mexico; he must go away, down to the Cardonal; there he could better watch over the course of events; there a favorable opportunity might even present itself of quenching entirely, under the mask of friendship, the faint spark of life that was still asserting itself so obstinately in his rival, and thus he could save honor, gold, his Dulcinea and his life.

With well-feigned enthusiasm he made to Catalina the surprising disclosure that he himself would hasten to the bedside of Pastrana, and that he would assist the weak arm of Mexican justice in reaching the criminals. What could appear more magnanimous, more noble and unselfish in the eyes of Catalina than such an offer, made, too, in spite of the fact that the object was a hated rival? She hardly knew how to express sufficiently her gratitude to, and admiration for the Caballero whose attentions she had formerly received with so much indifference.

Felipe de Rivera took his departure. He took with him one of the most renowned and skilled physicians of the city, and gave orders to send every article of luxury and ease that could in any way alleviate the sufferings of the patient, or make him forget that he was in a sick room. After the doctors had examined Pastrana's wound, they looked ominously at each other and shrugged their shoulders, declaring that human aid was of no avail here. They could only wonder how the sick man could

have lived so long, contrary to all laws of nature. Rivera felt a thrill of joy at hearing the doctors' decision, although his face was a picture of grief personified. It was sufficient for him to know that there was no hope for his, now doubly dangerous, opponent. Neither need he now do anything to hasten on dissolution, since Pastrana was in the height of a fever, unable to regain consciousness of his situation. To transport him to Mexico was out of the question; he would not be able to survive the journey. Therefore the poor Indian hut was transformed into a beautiful little cottage, furnished with every possible luxury that could be utilized, and that was brought from Mexico for the purpose, and in this cozy little cottage the patient was then placed, and every attention that could have been bestowed upon him in his own home at Mexico, was given him here.

Rivera waited and waited, but no crisis came. Pastrana remained the same; he did not grow worse; on the contrary, his condition improved somewhat.

Rivera began to lose hope, and, to add to his misfortune, he saw the sick man's eye rest upon him once, which seemed to bode no good, and he almost felt as if he had been recognized as one of the assassins; at least his bad conscience made him feel this.

Things were thus when Rivera one day heard of the miracle of the Santo Cristo of Villaseca. Chloe told him of it, and added that she, as well as everybody else in the Cardonal, were convinced that Pastrana owed his life to nothing else than the Santo Cristo. The Caballero burst out in loud laughter. "This Santo Cristo such a great physician?" he asked sneeringly. "Childish simplicity!"

Chloe looked at the scoffer, moved with fright. She had never yet heard any one speak thus of the Senor of the Cardonal. Without another word, she arose and went away.

But the idea remained with Rivera. He tried to dispel all thoughts of the crucifix, but in vain. He tried to make little of the superstition of the Indians in the circle of his friends, but his mockery died upon his lips. What, if Chloe's story were true? Rivera was indeed, a wicked man, but wital he was not an infidel; this sin was reserved for later times. But, perhaps he could bring about the death of his enemy

by removing the crucifix? He must see it, at any rate, this miraculous image. Should he then shatter it into pieces? The thought—a sacrilege! Or he might bury it in one of the many graves that surrounded the dilapidated little church? Or, better perhaps, remove it to some other place? He could form no definite plan at present. The waves in his soul rolled too high. But he must see the image, then he would surely hit upon the right thing to do.

To carry out this intention he selected a very dark night, black clouds, whipped by a heavy hurricane, chased one another across the sky. With the protection which darkness and the noise of the storm afforded him, he could securely undertake any deed without danger of being heard or seen. At times the fierceness of the storm compelled him to halt on the way to grasp some permanent object, lest he might be blown over, but the fiercer it raged the better for his purpose. He found the church locked. The little windows in the bare exterior walls were set too high to enable him to reach them and make his entrance by that means; but the sacristy window yielded to a strong push, and after a few moments Rivera found himself in the sanctuary. The sanctuary lamp was extinguished and darkness was supreme. At first the intruder was unable to distinguish anything, although it seemed as if heartrending lamentations, cries and moans mingled with the noise of the storm. Bold as he was, his heart trembled; he could scarcely explain the strange sounds by referring them to the storm that raged, and he would not dare to move or step forward. A glaring streak of lightning revealed to him the crucifix, and lest he might lose it again he hastened towards the spot where he had seen it, and—was this a deception?—the countenance of the Saviour shone out in rays of a mild phosphorescent light and fastened its eyes upon the sacrilegious robber with such piercing sternness that he fell to the floor in fright. How long he lay there he knew not. His wanton spirit had left him and his usual fool-hardiness had deserted him. Suddenly it began to roar and crack from every side, pieces of wood and stones fell down with a loud crash, and the fierceness of the storm carried away, with an awful roar, part of the church roof. Rivera sprang to his feet

aghast, but what did he see?—his eyes became almost blinded with a penetrating light: the Santo Cristo was shining as the sun and made the now roofless church as bright as day light. The Caballero would not dare to stir; he gazed at the image, when lo! and behold! the body of the crucified Saviour detached itself from the cross and floated with arms extended through the church. Rivera tried to check his fright with the thought that the hurricane had torn the figure from its resting place on the cross, but—whence that wonderful light? Suddenly loud voices were heard, the door of the church was unlocked and the inhabitants of the Cardonal rushed in, greatly excited; they had been attracted by the noise of the crashing roof and by the light. Before the gaze of all, the shining image turned around, slowly floating back towards the altar until it again rested upon the cross; the brightness faded and after a few minutes the place was again shrouded in dense darkness. The amazed people threw themselves upon the ground and thanked the Lord with voices uplifted and arms extended for the manifestation of His glory through the means of the Santo Cristo in the poor Cardonal. Rivera had remained unnoticed. Under the protection of darkness he secretly left the church with feelings of deep contrition. This event happened on March 5th, 1621.

#### IV.

In this terrible and yet so blessed night the huts of the Cardonal shared the same fate as the church, but in spite of the rich visitors from the metropolis, nobody could be found to repair the damage that had been done; for, Mexico was then the same as it is to this day, the land of *Manana*, of the "Morrow." Why should they do today, what could as easily be done to-morrow?

Father Vicar, of Ixmiquilpan, entirely ignored the wonderful occurrence of the 5th of March. When he was told of lights hovering over the church at night, and processions of the dead at midnight into the church, he severely reprimanded the people. God would not work miracles without necessity, and the people of the Cardonal did not need miracles to rouse their faith; probably some band of robbers were carrying on in the church, etc. In spite, how-

ever, of all his remonstrations the people gathered in large crowds to pray before the Santo Cristo. To erect, at least, a temporary roof over the church, never entered their minds.

Felipe de Rivera's heart was pierced. He was quiet, meek and reticent, yet could find no peace. The warning look of his crucified Saviour had penetrated his soul, and day and night he saw the shining, thorn-crowned head with the stern and yet mild eyes before him. Catalina no longer occupied his thoughts. Pastrana's condition was a matter of indifference to him. He was occupied only with himself. The end of his struggle came at last when he rode to Ixmiquilpan and unloaded to the Rev. Vicar his whole burden of sin, which had weighed down his soul by his wild, unchristian life. When the words of absolution sounded upon his ears for the first time again after so many years, the Caballero, so proud before, in the exuberance of his heart, kissed the feet of the simple village priest. Pastrana now began to recover rapidly. Since the night of the 5th of March his spirits revived more and more, and his friends, tired of the long delay in the miserable village, resolved to attempt his removal to Mexico, in spite of the distance and the rough roads of that section of the country. The patient was placed in a litter, well propped up with cushions, and everything was done to avoid the slightest shock to his nerves. He made sure to replace his Scapular which was now the worse for wear and pierced by the assassin's bullet, by a new one, holding the old one between his fingers as a precious treasure.

The party had scarcely advanced more than two miles when a sudden change set in. He was evidently in death agony. The priest came just in time to give him once more the Holy Viaticum and the Plenary Indulgence, when he died with a smile upon his lips, which he kept pressed to the crucifix, and the badge of his mother lovingly wound around his fingers. All the efforts of the physicians had proved fruitless. His spirit had fled. His friends reproached themselves bitterly because they had exposed the wounded man to the hardships of a journey, but Rivera said nothing. He knew what had caused the sudden death. The virtue of the Santo Cristo had

ceased to work beyond the limits of the Cardinal.

Pastrana was buried at Mexico with great pomp, as it behooved a man of his wealth. Rivera should have been glad, now that every danger to him was removed. Joy was no longer his. Catalina, whom he so ardently desired before, was seen by him only on the occasion of the funeral. He could not bring himself to sue for her as wife, whom he had tried to gain by crime.

When Pastrana had been buried a few weeks, Rivera quietly rode down to the mining district again. He felt an irresistible force attracting him to the Santo Cristo of the Cardinal and to the Rev. Vicar of Ixmiquilpan, who had become his friend and counsellor, although he differed in opinion from him regarding the wonderful apparition in the church. He arrived at Ixmiquilpan about the middle of May. His soul had opened up more and more to a knowledge of his misspent life, and this knowledge produced in him a cutting sorrow, together with an extreme delicacy of conscience. No wonder then, if the words from his confessor, which he would have laughed to scorn a few months previously, were now soothing balm to his sore heart. He intended to stay only a short time and then to set out for the Cardinal. The Vicar tried to detain him and to shatter his belief in the vision, but his words met a deaf ear. When he saw the futility of further persuasion, he promised Rivera to go with him the next morning to the Cardinal and to celebrate Mass there, as the next day his duty would call him there at any rate, it being the Feast of Corpus Christi. The next day, therefore, they went. Rivera himself served at the altar. When they had partaken of a little refreshment after Mass they both sat down on the brick bench which was built along the outside of the church, and talked over the plans for the future of Rivera, who had told the Vicar of his intention to quit the world, and to dedicate, in a monastery of St. Francis, the remainder of his life and his property to God. Suddenly Rivera grasped the Vicar's arm and said with a trembling voice:

"Do you hear that, Father Vicar?"

"Hear what, my son?"

"Moans,—groans,—in the church! Hear!—just as it was on that terrible night."

The Vicar listened with bated breath. It was true, indeed! Blows, as if caused by a hammer, and pitiable groans, which proceeded from within the church, made their blood curdle. The Vicar jumped to his feet and placing his hand to his heart he called upon God and Our Lady for help and mercy. The sounds of the blows grew more vehement and quicker, the moanings more heartrending than ever. The Vicar made the sign of the cross, boldly put the key into the door and opened it. But no one was there. All was quiet. The Santo Cristo hung at its usual place, and appeared the same as it had during the Mass that morning, and for years before. But Rivera was so excited and pale that it was to be feared he would collapse. The Vicar, therefore, calmly led him outside and sat down with him on the brick bench.

"It was all a deception," he said quietly.

But listen! the blows were heard again, and the groans, and stranger still!—the little altar bells began to ring as if at the elevation during Mass. Rivera sank upon his knees, struck his breast and cried out: "*Miserere, miserere mi, Deus!*" He then rose up quickly and said to the Vicar:

"Let us go in again, Father; let us be the first to behold the Lord's miracle!"

The Vicar opened the door again, and behold! The church shone with a heavenly light that emanated from the Santo Cristo. Thrilled by the close proximity of God's miraculous power they approached the crucifix and what was this that now met their gaze! The image was entirely renovated. The cracks and fractures, all dust and dirt had vanished, the body resembled one of a living man, the face was full of expression and beauty, the eyes open and beaming with mildness and mercy; the whole image was covered with bright drops of sweat, which fell to the ground like dew.

"God be praised and thanked for ever more!" said Rivera, falling upon the ground and sprinkling himself with the miraculous moisture. "Let fall upon me, O my Redeemer, the dew of thy mercies! Save my poor soul! Have mercy, O Lord! have mercy upon me!"

This renovation of the Santo Cristo really occurred on the Vigil of Corpus Christi, on the 19th of May, 1621.

V.

It is not necessary to describe the deep



Impression which the sudden renovation of the Senor of Cardonal made upon the people of the mining district. The Vicar's unbelief was completely overcome. Swift as the wind, the news spread over the whole country, the more so as the miraculous sweat repeatedly manifested itself. Seven times the holy image was covered with water, thrice with blood; numerous sick persons were also instantly cured of their maladies before their image. A feverish enthusiasm took possession of the people.

The Archbishop of Mexico commissioned the learned Visitor-General Juan de Agnado to go to the Cardonal to examine and establish the truth of the miracle, and with him came several priests and noblemen, most of them friends and acquaintances of Rivera, who looked upon the conversion of the frivolous and passionate Caballero as the greatest of all miracles. After a careful investigation the Visitor-General, who had himself witnessed several miracles, testified to the truth of the renovation of the crucifix. What lamentations were heard when the order of the Archbishop was made known that the image should be transferred with due solemnity to the metropolis, since the ruins of the Cardonal church could never be a becoming place for such a miraculous image. The people promised to restore the church, and to do all the work without any other compensation if only they could keep their Senor, but in vain. The command was peremptory and the Archbishop, Juan Perez de la Serna, was not a man to be trifled with; on the contrary, he was never known to revoke an order once given. The only concession he made was the doubtful promise that the image should be brought back in case the veneration due to it was not given to it in Mexico.

On July the 14th, 1621, the procession of its translation commenced. A large number of priests, several Spanish Caballeros, amongst them also Rivera, soldiers of the provisional government (the old Viceroy had died and the newly appointed one had not yet arrived) and the servants of the Archbishop formed the guard of honor. When the procession had arrived at Ixmiquilpan, it was confronted by a number of armed Indians, who opposed loudly the removal of the crucifix, and whose wild war cry threatened that they were ready to fight

for the possession of their treasure. The Visitor was able to calm them in the beginning, but as soon as the strains of the *Tezillo regis prodeunt* had been taken up by the crowd and the procession began to move, the Indians, 2,000 in number, came down on them with their bows and arrows and after a short battle succeeded in wresting from the dignitary the image, which had been enclosed in a wooden chest. They carried it off triumphantly and brought it to the Monastery of St. Augustin at Ixmiquilpan. On both sides some had been wounded in the fight, none, however, fatally. God did not wish that any one should die in a struggle that had its origin from a holy love for him.

Arrived at the monastery, the chest was opened and the image exposed in the monastery church for veneration, and behold! the sacred body was again covered with bloody sweat, of which several drops trickled to the floor. It was also noticed that the Saviour opened and closed his eyes several times, and once also moved his head from one side to the other, as if He would see with His sacred eyes the hundreds who had filled the church to its remotest corners. An exciting enthusiasm took possession of the crowd, which was only augmented when several sick persons had been instantly cured by contact with the sacred drops of blood. The monks brought every argument to bear on the Archbishop to move him to give his consent that they might retain the miraculous crucifix, but in vain. The Archbishop had once determined that it should be transferred to Mexico, and the monks therefore received from their own Provincial as well as from His Grace the strict order to see to it that the image arrived there without further molestations. On July 25th, the Feast of St. James, the patron saint of Spaniards, the Santo Cristo resumed its triumphant procession to the capitol. With tears in their eyes, and amidst loud cries of sorrow the good Indians bade farewell to their beloved Senor. His Grace exposed the image for veneration in his private chapel, and even there the miracles continued. Several times our Lord was noticed to open his eyes and mouth and again close them like one in agony of death.

Rivera could scarcely separate himself from the miraculous image. He seemed to

live now exclusively for meditation upon the sufferings of our Lord. His rich garments he doffed for a penitential garb. Half days were spent by him in quiet prayer before the Santo Cristo. One evening, shortly before he was to be admitted as a novice into the monastery, he was discovered kneeling as usual, immovable before the image, apparently oblivious of his surroundings. Upon closer examination he was found to be dead. His purified soul had been freed from its mortal case to behold in heaven face to face, Him of whose prodigies he had been a witness upon earth. He was buried with great pomp, as it was befitting one of his rank and one, who had received such great manifestations of God's love and mercy. Catalina de Mendoza took the veil in the Carmelite convent, which had been founded a few years previously by Juan Luis de Rivera, an uncle of Felipe. The image was never brought back to the Cardinal. It was not necessary, for the citizens of the capitol paid the highest honor and veneration to it.

Just before his departure for Spain, in 1626, Archbishop La Serna gave it to the Carmelites, who venerated it thereafter in their church. When, in the year 1684, the new church of the Carmelites was dedicated to Our Lady under the title of "Our Dear Lady la Antigua," the miraculous Senor was placed in the chapel of St. Teresa, annexed to the church. Before that it had been hanging on the epistle side of the main sanctuary. The present grand side chapel in honor of the Santo Cristo was built in the year 1813, and the image exposed therein upon the high altar for veneration. The new edifice being more ample than the old structure of Nuestra Senora la Antigua, it received the name "Santo Teresa la Antigua." The image itself has been known since the 17th century as "El Senor de Santa Teresa." On the 19th of May every year the feast "La Renovacion del Senor de Santa Teresa"—the renewal of the holy crucifix of St. Teresa—is celebrated with extraordinary splendor. The narrator of this has himself been present upon one of these occasions, and has been an eye witness to the great reverence and love which the Mexicans show to the image.

GOOD instruction is as necessary as food.

## All Souls' Day in Spain.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY DON JUAN PEDRO.



HERE is no Feast in the calendar of the Church, which in Spain attracts such overflowing crowds to the Church, as the "Feast of all Souls," that pathetic Feast which carries such relief and consolation to the land of "beautiful suffering." Its influence is felt even in the great marts of commerce of the Southern Provinces, in the busy hives of traffic, amidst the ceaseless hum of machinery in the monster "bodegas" of Andalusian industry, where, alas, the cold, indifferent, nominal Catholics, if not the pronounced atheists, are but too numerous. Once in the year religion conquers even their indifference and unbelief. Once a year it achieves a victory by the appeals which filial affection silently makes on this day to their hardened hearts. The unstilled voice within resounds with unusual vigor, and silences the sophistries of their godless creed. Remorse affords no rest to their troubled souls, until the portals of the Church are crossed, and the spirits of the dead are religiously mourned for. To-day their awakened conscience, as it recognizes in the dim vista of the past the familiar features of well known and dearly beloved faces, feels as if the ghosts of the departed were continually taunting it, in the words of Holy Writ, with its apathy and forgetfulness: "*Miseremini mei, saltem vos amici mei!*"

Oh, yes, the names of dear ones, who have gently glided down the waters of life into the ocean of eternity, are to-day pronounced in an unmistakable manner, while the persuasive accents of entreaty are making themselves heard to the universal monitor within. Conscience is busy, even among revellers and their revels, and cannot be drowned in a whirlpool of dissipation. The spectral faces of the dead haunt the midnight dreams of the living, glaring out to them in the darkness and deep silence of the midnight hour, particularly when the mortuary bells, with their iron notes of mourning, begin to ring out from the lofty towers of the basilica, and from the humble spire of the "aldea." Their vibrating

tones awaken the deepest feelings of the heart, and recall to the memory of the living those, whose places are to-day vacant in the little family circle around the domestic hearth. The tears of grief appear and furrow the cheeks of those, whose hearts are saddened, yet hopeful, as the Rosary beads pass through the fingers of their busy hand, as the lips repeat the Angelic salutation and the prayer of petition. Thus it is, that amidst the stillness of the night, are not repeated in vain the plaintive accents which the reminiscences of the past waft from beyond the tomb:

"Have pity, O friends, on me!  
You are sleeping, perchance, in sorrow  
And heed not our misery."

And the plaintive cadences are listened to, and the prayer rises to every heart and lip, that the fierceness of their punishment may be mitigated and the time of expiation shortened. These are obligations which admit of no exception—the presence at Holy Mass in the morning, and the family visit to the cemetery in the evening—debts which are most religiously acknowledged and most faithfully discharged in our Peninsula.

For hours before the dawn of morning, when the celebrant commences the first of his *three* Masses of Requiem (a privilege granted by Benedict XIV. exclusively to Spain and Portugal) crowds, even of the lukewarm, are already kneeling around the draped catafalque. Beneath the subdued light of the numerous huge waxen torches, they mingle their prayers with those of the vast congregations gathering in the churches. Later on they are seen wending their way to join their "Requiescat" with the solemn dirge and hopeful strains of the "*Dies Iræ*."

Truly the church, with motherly affection and with all the consoling beauty of her ceremonies, scatters the sacred balsam of consolation over the wounds of the heart and dries the tears of affliction, making this day one of the most popular Feasts. To-day the churches are most crowded by all classes, rich and poor, since all hasten to church and cemetery. Both are densely thronged. Among those who visit the cemetery, there are, alas, some who go to see and be seen, to criticize and be criticized, and to promenade through its streets and squares, forgetful of the sanctity of the spot, regardless of the modesty and decorum which ought to reign in the "city of the dead," mindless of the lesson which the sepulchral monuments so solemnly preach:

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and into dust thou shalt return."

No nation can be more mindful than the Spanish of the pathetic appeals of purgatory, the region of Divine Justice: no nation so zealously strives to realize by their charity, the joy that will illuminate familiar faces, as they send them their messages of hope. None are more prompt in paying the debts, which the sad but trustful voices of the poor souls impose upon us, than the children of the Catholic Church throughout the length and breadth of sunny Spain.

Devotion to the poor souls brings them to the Church in the early morning to offer up their suffrages; it leads them in pious pilgrimage to the cemetery in the afternoon, there to deposit their floral tributes, to renew and brighten up the decorations of the little altar, to relight the lamp of the little niche, and to keep watch before the sad but sacred mansion of the dear departed, or before the tomb of the dear departed, or before the mural sepulchres which form immense streets and avenues in the cemeteries, the living sadly sit and silently commune with the spirits of those whom in life and death they dearly loved.

The sight which "God's Acre" presents on this day is picturesque beyond anything that a "pen and ink" description can strive to portray; particularly in the beautiful cemeteries of the large cities. The South-Eastern cemetery of the city of Barcelona vies in its beautiful and artistically laid out grounds with the Parisian Pere Lachaise or the equally splendid Greenwood cemetery of New York. Here riches are lavished with an unstinted hand on terraces and delightful parterres of the richest floral productions. Here rich and superb monuments of architecture, often, alas, pagan in their construction and unchristian in their mythological ornamentations, meet the eye, offend piety and grieve true Christian feeling. Here sculpture copied from Greek and Roman models, decorations recalling the epoch of the Pharaohs are placed over family pantheons. In fact, the "châlets" and "torres" of the living could not be more exquisitely adorned than are these gorgeous specimens of funeral architecture. How far, however, is all this from the true Christian spirit. One millionaire vies with the other in the lavish expenditure of wealth on the adornment of the earthly tenement of his ashes, bespeaking but very little of that Christian poverty, which carried Lazarus to the bosom of Abraham. This is the one false note in the harmony of this thoroughly Catholic Feast of "All Souls."

Not to speak of the abusive waste of wealth, which was given to our rich to make them co-laborers of Providence in alleviating misery, what a deplorable proof this extravagance offers, that the chief lesson of the cemetery: "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity," is entirely lost upon the worldly pagans of this dying century.

—THE—  
**Carmelite Review.**

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 THE CARMELITE FATHERS  
 IN HONOR OF  
 OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL,  
 AND IN THE INTEREST OF  
 THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

With the approval of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons,  
 Mt. Rev. Mgr. Satolli, the Most Reverend Arch-  
 bishop of Toronto, and many Bishops.

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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The last encyclical letter of the Holy Father again proves the great confidence he places in the efficacy of prayer. He urges all Catholics to renewed fervor in the recitation of that "most excellent form of prayer" the Rosary, in order to obtain the help and intercession of the Mother of God to bring about the reunion of all christendom.

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In his letter to the English people the Pope had recommended, as a means to bring about the return of England to the true fold, devotion and prayers to the Blessed Virgin. Since then the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury has written a pastoral in reply, a weak and insipid letter, inimicably analyzed by A. F. Marshall in the *Boston Pilot*. The Holy Father, in his last encyclical, takes occasion to quote another Archbishop of Canterbury, St. Anselm, who says: "What is more worthy to be believed than that thou, O Virgin, shouldst be the mother of those of whom Christ deigned to become the Father and Brother!"

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As the chief desire of his heart is the return of the Greek church to its first allegiance, the Holy Father quotes copiously from the Greek offices of the Blessed Virgin, and from the Greek fathers, St. Cyril of Alexandria and St. Germanus of Constantinople, to prove that devotion to the Blessed Virgin is one of the strongest binding links between the mother church and its wayward child, the Greek church. He addresses the Blessed Virgin in the words of St. Germanus: "Remember the faithful of

Christ who are thy servants. Oh! thou, who art the hope of all, help us. Do thou strengthen their faith and join the churches in one body."

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He makes use of another argument, a fact, "which," he says, "is not foreign to the subject, and which is a glory to the Mother of God. No one is ignorant," he continues, "of the many beautiful paintings that have been brought from the East in various times to the West, and more particularly into Italy and to this city of Rome, and which our fathers received with the greatest piety and honorably revered, striving to excite a similar devotion and reverence in the minds of their children. In this fact we perceive the loving desires of a watchful Mother. She has wished that these images should exist amongst us as witnesses of those times when the members of the christian family were everywhere united, and as the very endearing pledges of a common inheritance. Therefore by regarding them we are moved, as by the Virgin herself, to remember in our prayers those nations whom the Catholic church so lovingly recalls to the ancient harmony and joy of her embrace."

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ONE of the pictures, brought from the East to the West, and referred to by the Holy Father, is the miraculous image of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, venerated in the mother church of the Carmelite Order in Rome. All our readers have a copy of it, as we send this image as a certificate to all our friends and subscribers. In regarding it, let them remember the lesson which the Holy Father draws from it, so that in the concluding words of the Holy Father, "the united prayers of the children of the Catholic church for our separated brethren of the East and West and for all creeds and classes may be heard before the throne of Mary, supplicating her till our last breath. *Monstra te esse Matrem.* Show thyself a mother to us."

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THE opening of the MacMahon Hall at the Catholic University of Washington, and the inauguration of the beautiful New Laval University building at Montreal last month, must afford great satisfaction to the heart of our Supreme Pontiff. The

forvent appeals which he has repeatedly addressed to the Catholic world in behalf of a more profound study of St. Thomas, the Holy Scriptures and natural sciences, are being warmly and practically answered by the United States and Canada. No wonder that he bestows his Apostolic Blessing on both universities in terms of the highest praise.

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A GREAT and good man, a pious and devout Catholic, a scientific benefactor of the whole human race, was buried last month in Paris. Louis Pasteur was accompanied to his grave by the whole French nation. His burial was not disgraced by an offensive act against the church, as was that of Victor Hugo, who, although a great writer, never did any good to anybody by his writings. Religion and science stood side by side at the tomb of the venerable christian scientist. The papers of the world, secular and religious, united in his praise. The secular papers, it is true, said as little as they could about his religious convictions; his worth was too great to be ignored, so they praised his scientific accomplishments and discoveries, while they passed over in silence the astounding fact that he was an obedient son of the Roman Catholic Church.

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A LARGE concourse of priests and bishops, headed by the highest dignitaries of the church, Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Satolli, assembled last month at Washington, the capital of the United States, and publicly and solemnly professed their Catholic faith in the Real Presence of Christ in His sacrament of love. Of all the events of the month in our country surely none could have given more pleasure to the Sacred Heart of Our Lord. The world is blind to the deep significance of this movement, but every citizen of the Kingdom of God on earth, every sincere Catholic, must rejoice at such a spectacle. The priests of God meet together for the purpose of increasing devotion to Our Dear Lord in the tabernacle. Thirty-six thousand priests, all over the world, pledge themselves to spend one hour every week in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, as a work of love, in addition to their many holy duties around the altar. They resolve to excite more fervor in the worship of the Divine Prisoner

of Love among their people. How the angels, who suffer no distractions or weariness in the worship of God, must have rejoiced that such a meeting should take place on earth during their month of October. Wicked men band together for the worship of satan. This new movement on the part of the Catholic priesthood, gathering together in a Holy League all that the earth holds of the best and purest of men, will more than counteract the abominable influence of Palladism and devil worship. Miss Diana Vaughan will not be the only one rescued in time.

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A VERY unusual ceremony took place in the last week of September at the convent of the Notre Dame Sisters in Cincinnati. The Archbishop of Cincinnati, assisted by several bishops and a number of priests, consecrated the new Gothic chapel of the convent, just completed at a cost of \$50,000. Churches and chapels cannot be consecrated unless they are entirely free from debt. Thus the sisters built wisely and well, and were able to obtain the solemn consecration of their chapel as soon as it was ready for the Divine Presence. Another most uncommon feature was the music rendered at Mass. The sisters sang Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcelli* at the Pontifical High Mass, following the ceremony of consecration. A sisterhood, knowing so well how to worship God according to the spirit of the church, deserves to succeed and to enjoy the possession of a consecrated chapel.

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THE month of October witnessed the greatest public act of devotion to the Blessed Virgin which has ever taken place on this continent. From the time when the beautiful image of our Blessed Mother, from the masthead of the Santa Maria, the caravel of Columbus, for the first time gladdened the eyes of the savage inhabitant of a new world, until last month, when thousands of the descendants of these savages enthusiastically crowned the image of Our Lady of Guadalupe, devotion to the Blessed Virgin has been the greatest factor of civilization in this new continent. Our readers will find detailed descriptions, too long for our limited space, in Catholic and secular papers, of the imposing ceremonies which attended the dedication of the

famous shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe. Three archbishops and many bishops from the United States assisted the six archbishops of Mexico in the celebration of these feasts. The miraculous picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe nearly four hundred years ago converted the pagan Aztecs to christianity, and Catholic Mexico testifies its love and gratitude to the Heavenly Queen by this glorious tribute. Our hearts join in this manifestation of love for Our Mother, and of gratitude to the Immaculate Queen, who has so signally shown her solicitude for the conversion of this new world, and under whose protection the various countries of America have been solemnly placed by the Catholic Church.

THE Italian government celebrated a jubilee a few weeks ago. The twentieth day of September last was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the taking of Rome from its lawful ruler. The country, as such, did not consider it an occasion for rejoicing—for Italy is in a bad way, so bad indeed, that the worst seems to be imminent. God's ways are not our ways. He has allowed this visitation for His own wise purposes. The cruel injustice done the Catholic world by the violent and sacrilegious robbery of the patrimony of St. Peter has outwardly hampered the independence and liberty of the Holy See, but the inward development of the church has made all the more rapid strides. Never before in the history of the church was the moral influence of the Papacy any greater, nor the devotion of the faithful to the Holy Father more loyal. The propagation of the faith was never more extensive or successful in its workings; never were the contributions for this purpose more liberal. Great progress has been made in the education of the clergy, in the formation of Catholic unions and societies, Catholic conventions and congresses, Church music and liturgy have received more careful attention. The evangelical counsels have a stronger hold on the faithful, and the vocations to religious communities are more numerous than ever. The triumph of brute force over the church was not a complete one. Rejoicings over the downfall of the Papacy were premature and short lived, and the jubilee of the enemies of the church was but a galvanized effort to make things look better than they are.

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#### EXCHANGES.

THE *Catholic Register*, of Toronto, in its issue of October 3rd, gave the full authorized translation of the last encyclical of the Holy Father on the Rosary. As far as we know, this was the first American paper which produced the encyclical in its entirety. Such enterprise ought to be encouraged. The *Register*, published in the principal city of English speaking Canada, is aiming to be the best Catholic paper in Upper Canada, and if it continues to display the enterprise and ability shown of late, there is no reason why it should not become one of the leading Catholic journals of America. It is on the right road now.

THE *Ladies' Home Journal* announces that Mrs. de Navarro (Mary Anderson) has been writing an autobiography. It deals mainly with her career on the stage. The *Journal* will publish a series of the most interesting chapters from the manuscript, which is now completed. Thus we are promised chapters on her first appearance on the stage, on her experiences of theatrical life, and notes on famous Europeans and Americans who sought her acquaintance. From any other pen, this history of a brilliant stage career might form dangerous reading to many a stage struck maiden. But one, who herself did not succumb to the dangerous fascination of a successful life on the boards, will not overdraw the delights of unusual popularity, but rather throw strong light upon the serious difficulties and dangers that beset the pathway of those who would follow in her footsteps. We feel confident that her book will have the same purifying influence which she herself had on the atmosphere surrounding the stage.

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MORTIFY yourself every moment of the day, to atone for your sins.—MR. D'ORLEANS DE LAMOTE.

BESIDES having stated times for prayer, keep the presence of God constantly before you by ejaculatory prayers.—FENELON.

If you will not resist the first attack of the enemy, he will soon enter into your soul as conqueror and bind it with shameful fetters.—VEN. L. DE BLOIS.

## AUNT HILDA'S PORTFOLIO.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Mary Angela Spellissy.

### Are Marriages Made in Heaven?

CONTINUED.



BEFORE separating, Dr. Oscott asked permission to call on Miss Bryce; he wished to assure himself before leaving Sea-side Holly that Tommy's eyes required no further care. Ethna cordially

assented.

"Your friend, Mr. De Vere, is perhaps a relative of the former owner of our cottage."

"Yes, Miss Bryce," replied Jerome, "my father built the cottage for my mother, who died soon after it was completed."

"My mother will be pleased to see you both."

"I acknowledge, Miss Bryce, that I appreciate your invitation very highly, not only because it will introduce me to Mrs. Bryce, but that in accepting it, I may visit my old home, I spent the summer in it before going to college. That is ten years ago."

"May I ask the name of your college, Mr. De Vere?"

"Certainly, I am very proud of my Alma Mater. I graduated at Stonyhurst."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Aunt Hilda, "no doubt you knew my brother, Father Acton."

"Very pleasantly, he was one of my best friends."

At the end of a week Mr. De Vere and son were quite at home at Holly-Bush. Father Acton and Mr. De Vere had been class-mates at Stonyhurst and this established a bond between Aunt Hilda and that gentleman. Before Dr. Oscott returned to his professional duties he accompanied Ethna to Tommy's home. He found Tommy's mother garrulously grateful.

"May the Lord bless you, doctor, you and

Miss Ethna. I know she has not money to throw away, but she paid every cent of my boy's fare to the city besides buying the little things the child needed to make him fit to be seen."

Ethna vainly tried to silence her, but, finding all efforts useless, she walked out of the cottage, thus compelling Dr. Oscott to follow her.

When Ethna left home that morning her mother seated herself with Miss Judith on the southern porch. The fragrance of the woodbine rose on the morning air; a humming bird darted in quick strokes from flower to flower. Mrs. Bryce interrupted the silence:

"Isn't Dr. Oscott handsome?"

"Humph! he's well enough; too much starch for my taste. I like his father better."

"You are so queer, Judith: the son is really very elegant, and then he dresses so well and he's so polite."

"You mean punctilious."

"Where's the difference?"

"One is genuine, the other is sham. True politeness springs from kindness, the attentions of the punctilious, are reflective, as if I bow to myself whilst saluting my neighbor."

"It's a pity that Mr. De Vere does not get Dr. Oscott to help him choose his clothes."

"There you go, Susanna, full tilt. Mr. De Vere probably objects to the fit that might delight a tailor."

"Well, what does he look like? He wears everything too large."

"You forget that he comes from a country where the man is judged for himself and not by his clothing. Take my word for it, that young man can afford to be independent. If he is not a noble fellow, I am much mistaken."

"I am pretty sure that he is a leader amongst men. He has an air of decision, allied with modesty, that convinces me of his worth."

"I don't think that their Mexican trip can have been a success. They don't show any sign of wealth."

"That is the peculiarity of the really wealthy who have good sense. Suppose he were poor, he has a profession that will very soon secure him a competence. There is a decided change among the best of our

people. They have awakened to the fact that the professions are overstocked, and many well educated men like this De Vere are choosing various lines of engineering. In this work both mind and body are developed, and the result is a great improvement on the fop who has been so long the darling of the ladies. Another advantage belongs to their occupation. In it the two classes of men, the scholar and the unlettered come to know each other: a good understanding is fostered; the son of luxury learns that an illiterate man is not of necessity an ignorant man. He may possess a knowledge acquired by practical observation, or from tradition, and may be able to apply certain principles although incapable of formulating them. A common interest unites types of classes that have been antagonistic to each other. I remember when Ernest Markland met his death through his consideration for the corps of workmen of which he had charge. They had just thrown a temporary bridge across a stream. One of the workmen sprang to cross it; Ernest called him back. 'That is my duty,' said he, 'if I go down I leave no widow nor fatherless children.' Sure enough he fell in mid-stream, and the wetting on a December day caused his death. He had grown to consider himself responsible for his men. Hardships shared together had endeared them to him. Surely he has received a martyr's reward."

"Such a man as Robert Oscott is made of different stuff. He is well enough of his kind, but conventionality has squeezed out originality. He is an infant compared to De Vere, and the one redeeming trait I see in him is that he recognizes his friend's superiority. I taught Robbie Oscott his catechism; he was a nice little boy."

"Now you're horrid, Judith."

"It is not my fault, Susanna, that I like a man to be manly; a creature prompted by noble principles and not ashamed to avow them."

"Dr. Oscott's most intimate friend did not know until I told him that Oscott was a Catholic."

"Well, there's no harm in that."

"Possibly not, but I cannot imagine a man loyal to his faith in word and deed observing such reserve. Through it one is often placed in a false position. He is a craven."

October brought beautiful days. Mr. Acton and Miss Judith had gone back to the city; the De Veres still lingered by the sea. Mr. De Vere and son now spent their evenings at Holly-Bush, well pleased that such congenial neighbors remained to them.

The feast of the Guardian Angels witnessed a gorgeous sunset that attracted the two men to the beach. There they found Mrs. Bryce and Ethna. The glories of the sky found a mirror in the beautiful breakers. Therein were reflected the delicate colors of mother of pearl, aqua marine, rose color, lavender, and over all a wonderful golden glamour such as Fortuny delighted to paint. All these came rolling in, worn or wave each with its foamy crest. In the west the new moon, attended by the evening star, was barely discernible. The sound of the De Profundis bell was wafted to them by the western wind. The men raised their hats as all gave attention to the prayer.

As Mrs. Bryce and Mr. De Vere turned homeward, Jerome invited Ethna to remain.

"Don't you feel ashamed to leave all this glory? I can find you a sheltered corner of the pavillion."

"This is indeed a lovely scene, one that makes the existence of sin and sorrow appear impossible. Life has such wonderful contrasts. Think of our Lord coming down from Thabor and confronted with a creature possessed of a devil—perfect holiness face to face with the blackness of sin."

"Horrible! This tranquil evening and its blessed influences appear to me an oasis, wherein to rest and drink in vigor for the life before us."

"Life is so mysterious. I find the vagueness of the future awful."

"We have to do but with the present, the future will bring its graces with it. Pardon me if I appear to preach; I am only saying to you what I have often to tell myself. Of course one must consider the future in regard to shaping one's career."

"Yes, a man has some control over his life; I appear to have none."

"I think you are mistaken. Here in your quiet home you have been the agent of a great good. Look at Tommy flinging those pebbles into the sea. Just think of what he was when you found him and what he is now."



"Please don't mention Tommy. I am really ashamed to hear any allusion to the small share I had in his cure."

"I often think that many of the good results of our actions are hidden from us in order that we may not suffer from vain-glory. Perhaps your life bears spiritual fruit to some soul, opening its eyes to God's truths."

"Would that I might think so," cried Ethna fervently.

"Your example has done much for me, Miss Bryce. I left New York five years ago a heart broken man. Perhaps you may find it hard to believe, but prior to that time I was an ardent, impetuous youth. Returning from Europe I fell in love with a dashing New York girl. I was fresh from college, and a fashionable woman appeared to me very charming. My idol was brilliant and a fluent talker. I was proud of the preference she showed me, and abandoned myself to the intoxication of passion. As our voyage drew to a close I ventured to speak of marriage. Imagine my feelings when my proposal was met with ridicule!"

"You delicious boy," she laughed forth, "you belong to another century. You have really considered that I was in earnest? How Percy will laugh at this experience!"

My countenance must have shown my indignation, for she continued: "Perhaps I have done wrong in acting towards you as all men and women act towards each other now-a-days. Indeed, I do respect your innocence. I suppose I was attracted by it as well as by your good looks and good breeding; I have found you a *rara avis*; if you knew me as I am known in our set you would appreciate the humor of this episode."

"Not a doubt of it," I retorted: "even now it dawns upon me; that I may the more fully appreciate it, I will withdraw and consider it at my leisure." Bowing myself off I took up my position in the rigging, and there remained while the ship steamed into New York harbor. I saw the meeting between my beautiful deceiver and 'Percy,' and noted that he was a well-fed and carefully groomed animal with a sensual face. My father was among the first to come on board. His greeting was not so cheery as usual. When we were seated in the carriage he informed me of my mother's sad condition. I found her dying.

TO BE CONTINUED.

## Salvation Assured Through Devotion to Mary.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY S. X. B.  
"Nunquam Peribit."



"Can one be a sinner and still cherish devotion to the Blessed Virgin?"

MEMBER of the Society of Jesus, a priest whose learning and piety are "exceeding great," as several able volumes from his pen go far to prove, thus answers this most important question.

"There are three acts, or three dominant sentiments which constitute the *essence of devotion* to the most Blessed Virgin: first, a sentiment of respect and veneration towards the Mother of God proportionate to her dignity; secondly, a sentiment of confidence in her power and in her goodness, which impels us to have recourse to her; and thirdly, a feeling of love, which corresponds to her perfections and to her goodness towards us in her character of Mother to mankind."

The imitation of Mary's perfections is rather a fruit, (one of the loveliest fruits) and the effect of the devotion, of which it is not the *essence*. If the *essence* of devotion to the Blessed Virgin consisted in the imitation of her virtues, wherever this imitation did not prevail the devotion could not exist. Besides, it would only be holy souls who could pretend to this devotion. The vast army of sinners would be entirely excluded, and that would be *contrary to the spirit of the Church*, which calls Mary the Refuge and Hope of sinners, and invites them to approach her with a confidence most entire.

A sinner can be devout to Mary without imitating her virtues. The *essence* of devotion to our dear Mother, therefore, must be placed in those sentiments which are shared alike by the just and the sinner, for the sinner as well as the just man can be touched by love, respect and confidence towards this divine advocate. Daily experience does not permit us to doubt the truth of this.

It is of the most supreme consequence for the salvation of those poor creatures who are wandering in the tangled paths of sin, that they do not stifle or tear from their hearts this germ of life, and that is what would result if a mistaken zeal would make devotion to Mary consist in the practice of her virtues, and refuse to admit its existence in any other way.

What would be the effect of such asseverations? The poor sinner would simply abandon his practices of devotion in honor of Mary, and lose the confidence in her merciful assistance which he still cherished in his heart. Where is the sinner who does not know and admit that he can never gain heaven unless he turns from his evil ways, and does penance for his sins?

But devotion to the Blessed Virgin is a powerful means of obtaining from God the precious grace of amendment, a truth which should be proclaimed constantly, and throughout the whole world.—FR. GALLIFET, S. J., (with papal approbation.)

What think you of those who, notwithstanding the sad fact that they are in a state of mortal sin, still pray to the Mother of God?

"If pious acts performed in the state of mortal sin do not justify, they at least dispose the performer to receive the grace of justification through the merits of the divine Mother."—(Bellarmine, cited by BENEDICT XIV.)

"Although the prayer of the sinner be not worthy to obtain any favor, it nevertheless obtains it, simply through the mercy of God."—(SAINT LIGOURI.)

"God hears the prayer of the sinner, not through justice, but out of pure mercy."—ST. THOMAS.

Here is something stronger still. The same St. Thomas, the prince of theologians, whose ardent love for God never leads him beyond the limits of holy doctrine, adds: "It can even be, thanks to the infinite mercy of God, that the prayer of the sinner can be heard, even though he has not the firm and productive resolution to amend his life. It must be understood, however, that this remaining in sin must not go to the point of rejecting all idea of future conversion." "*Fieri potest ut ex infinita Dei misericordia peccatoris oratio exaudiat, etiam sine proposito efficaci ac stabili emendandæ vite, dummodo non tam*

*obstinato sit animo, ut omne penitentia consilium perpetuo objecerit.*"

A striking illustration of the preceding statement has even come under our own observation. \* \* \* And we have listened to the touching words of the Superior of a community devoted to Mary regarding sinners, who, in the imperfect dispositions described by St. Thomas, had preserved certain pious practices in honor of Mary, and were protected and assisted to a better life by this merciful Mother.—"*Devotus Mariae nunquam peribit.*"

And St. Alphonsus Ligouri says upon the same subject: "When we say that it is impossible for a servant of Mary to be lost, we speak of those who, to the fidelity with which they honor and invoke the divine Mother, unite the desire of amendment. *That such persons should be damned I sustain to be morally impossible.* This is conceded by the holy Fathers and theologians. The devil therefore, after having successfully tempted poor sinners until they fell from grace, puts forth every effort to make them lose devotion to Mary."

We could cite innumerable testimonials upon so consoling a subject. "How indeed could a servant of Mary come to be lost. 'He is a sinner,' it may be said. Well! let him continue to implore this good Mother, but always with the wish to obtain the grace of conversion. If so, Mary will not forget to procure for him the light necessary to lead him from his miserable state, sorrow for his sins, and finally the grace of a happy death. Pious reader! If we feel that God has given us this love for the Queen of Heaven, this confidence in her, O! let us thank him for it. O! how enraged is the demon when he beholds a soul persevere in devotion to the Mother of God."—ST. LIGOURI.

"In my beneficence I wished, on account of the reverence due to the Incarnate Word, to accord this privilege to my Mother: Whoever, even though it be a sinner, has recourse to her, whoever turns with respect and devotion to seek her intercession, will never fall into the power of the devil."—(Words of Our Divine Lord to St. Catherine of Sienna.)

"Even as it is impossible for a good and loving mother, hard and repulsive as she may find the work, to withhold her ministrations from her child, the victim of leprosy, so Mary, our loving Mother, when

we have recourse to her, cannot repulse us, however horrible may be the infection exhaled by the sins which she undertakes to aid us in banishing from our souls."—  
(RICHARD DE ST. LAURENT.)

### POWER OF LITTLE THINGS.

The power of little things cannot be over-estimated, and it is not only in things inanimate, but in words and deeds, that this most desirable quality of taste may be manifested. A kind action may be made graceful, a generous gift may be bestowed tactfully, by force of what might be deemed a trifle, but which sometimes is of the greatest importance. On the other hand, a careless, neglectful manner will almost rob a kindness of the pleasure it was intended to bestow and render it absolutely distasteful to the recipient.

NEVER sacrifice principle to please any one.

It is good to learn from the experience of others.

PARDON is the most glorious kind of revenge.

THE guilt of one sin is a greater misery than the burden of a thousand crosses.

SELF-DENIAL is the most exalted pleasure; and the conquest of evil habits is the most glorious triumph.

A SIMILITUDE.—As a plant upon the earth, so a man rests upon the bosom of God; he is nourished by unfailling fountains, and draws, at his need, inexhaustible power.

ONE God alone, if he is against me who will save me? One soul alone, if I lose it what will become of me? One more sin might be my last: if it were I should be lost. And then?—ST. PHILIP NERI.

FOR THE DESPONDING.—Look on the good things which God has given you in this world, and at those which He has promised to His followers in the next. He who goes into his garden to look for cobwebs and spiders, no doubt will find them; while he who looks for a flower, may return into his house with one blooming in his bosom.

## Twilight Talks.

Written for the CARMELITE REVIEW by  
Miss Matilda Cummings.

Dear dead! they have become  
Like guardian angels to us;  
And distant heaven, like home,  
Through them begins to woo us;  
Love that was, earthly wings  
Its flight to holier places;  
The dead are sacred things,  
That multiply our graces.

—Fr. Falser,



THE month of November has come again. The month of the holy dead. How lovingly we welcome it, and what a strange peace it always brings with it. Why? Because we entirely forget ourselves, and in that alone lies the secret of peace, the real synonym for happiness. As the years pass by we are painfully conscious of the little hold we have on all that is nearest and dearest to us. Nothing is secure, and surprises are constantly robbing us of the old-time dependence we placed on things that seemed all but immortal. Then it is that the dead seem more than ever our very own. Comfort, well-springs of it are the happy possessions that come to us in the things of faith. But to the poor human heart, that clings so tenaciously to its own, that rests alas! so heavily, on an arm of flesh, the doctrine of purgatory is as a very anchor of hope where all else seems lost. How often has a death in a family been the means of bringing back souls to God. The departed are like magnets that draw to the one true center, and the rod of chastening has often proved to be that which changed the bitter waters into sweetness. At times it is hard to recognize the Hand of God in the cruel blow which made us reel under its severity. But what is the use of rebelling? Wherefore strike one's head against a wall of adamant? Is it that the will of God is so hard in its designs, or so careless of its effects on His creatures? It were blasphemy to think so; and yet such thoughts, the outcome of a first paroxysm of despairing

grief, rush in and make the night darker than even the darkness of death. Then it is that the holy dead begin at once their new mission of consolation. In appealing to us as they do so plaintively from their land of exile, they recall us to a sense of our first duty as creatures. Submission to the holy will of God is the invariable precedent to relieving the sufferings of the holy souls. We first feel our hearts going out to our Heavenly Father in a burst of childlike confidence. 'Tis the cry of the child casting itself into the arms of its father, and then imploring help for the beloved dead. Oh! who will be so blind as not to see the designs of God in the loss of many loved ones. He had tried so many things, it would seem, and all had failed. Nothing would draw the wayward heart but this. And so the blow fell, and the return to life and consciousness was, for the stricken survivor, but the prelude to a desolation that put out all the lights of life. But amid the darkness walk the holy dead, and their voices fall sweetly on ears that are deaf to all other sounds. "Have pity on me, at least ye, oh! my friends!" What a cry from eternity is this? Pity! Have we not given it out many a time, and oft, and it came back to us only like Dead Sea fruit. Friends! Have we not gained them but to lose them, and the loss was greater than the gain! But now from the land of reality, the only real *terra firma*, comes the voice of plaintive mourning, pleading with us for pity, because we are their friends. Ah! who could be deaf to such a cry. In life we loved them, perhaps too well. It may be that the creature love was the shadow which hid from us the Love of Justice. Is He not a jealous God? Our poor hearts throbbing still with the pain of separation, answer the question. "He made us for Himself," says St. Augustine, and we may not, we dare not, rest elsewhere.

We never tire of lauding the praises of an unselfish character. In a world which is so highly selfish, and whose "unkindness grows with life," an unselfish soul has something almost divine in it. The holy dead make us all unselfish, and so conform us to the image of Him who "loved not Himself." What shall we do for them in the twilights of November? Love them with a holy affection which shall hourly

draw us nearer to God and to them. The affections of life are quicksands, those of eternity are staffs for our journey, sails for our ship, and favorable winds that fairly waft us into port. The best of us are yearning for affection. The heart craves it as the thirsty plant craves water. Life is such a dreary journey that we would fain beguile its tedium with kindred spirits, who would make us forget the rugged road.

Is it entirely wise to forget it? Was it meant that we should lose sight of it altogether? Ah! no. "Life can never be wholly happy, because it is not heaven, nor ever wholly unhappy, because it is the way thither." That is the mistake we make. We want an earthly paradise, forgetting that the angel with the drawn sword guards its gate. Peace is the nearest approach to heaven which we can ever have in life. Communion with the holy dead will bring it to us in the twilights of November. Not an idle dreaming, but a brave, prayerful strife against nature, which, forgetting self, will stretch out the helping hand of faith and love to the beloved dead. The sanctuary is their trusting place in November. There before the altar of God let us meet them daily. Let them not wait for the Mass of Obligation,—but in the sweet silence of the early morning, when the chosen few who are mourning the lost of heart and home gather around the altar, let us too be found pleading the cause of our darling dead.

Let the constant sigh of our hearts for them be, "My Jesus, mercy!" Let a chain of indulgences unite us with them, and the Holy Rosary bring their memory to us in sweet and submissive tears. How many such fall in November. Ah! let each one be an act of loving submission to the holy will of God.

Amiable eternity, St. Francis de Sales calls it in that sweetly unique way of his. The holy dead have begun to taste of its sweetness. It will also be ours through the dear mercy of Him in whom we hope and who will not let us be confounded forever.

IMMACULATE Virgin, chosen from all eternity by the great and all-holy Father, who consecrated you with your holy and well-beloved son, and the Holy Spirit the Comforter, in you is the fullness of every good.—ST. FRANCIS.

## Our American Foibles.

DISCUSSED BY SAM HOBBY AND MICK SENSE.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS AND DRESS REFORM.

"What do you think of the question of woman's rights, Mick? I, for my part, am inclined to side with the women, as I do not think it right, that man should lord over woman."

"Do you believe in the Bible, Sam?"

"What a question? Of course I do."

"In this case I cannot understand, that the question should exist for you at all. The Bible has settled it long ago."

"I suppose you refer to Adam and Eve, but what was convenient at that time, will be hardly so now. We are progressing, you know, and it would be a very one-sided progress indeed, if woman did not share in it."

"Has woman's nature changed since Mother Eve's time?"

"It has not, but her surroundings have changed, and you know what the pagan poet said: *'Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.'*" Times change, and in them we are changed."

"Good enough, Sam, if this quotation applies to accidental, that is, mere external changes. But if made to apply to essential changes, I deny the allegation as false. There has not been, nor ever will be, an essential change in human nature, nor consequently in the relation of man and woman."

"I confess I do not understand your argument. What are essential changes?"

"Essential changes would involve a change of woman as we see her in Eve, into a being stronger in mind and body than this Mother of all the living, and with a different scope in life. Now, Eve was made to be a helpmate to man, and in consequence of her fall was told by Almighty God that she should be under the power of man, and man should rule over her. Hence God did not give her an independent position as an equal in everything to man, but appointed her to assist man under his direction. This is the natural position of woman, and every other relation to man is unnatural. Nature fits her for this, but not for independence."

"How so? Are there not thousands of

women, who, to use a common phrase, 'paddle their own canoe,' and do so very successfully, and have we not seen women rulers of great nations, like Isabella of Spain, Queen Elizabeth, and Victoria in England, Maria Theresa in Austria, Catherine in Russia? Have not these women proved to a demonstration, that also woman is perfectly capable of managing her own affairs in as good a style as man?"

"These 'proofs' do not prove anything. A monarch is mostly a ruler in name rather than in part. It is the high officials of the crown or state, that are the real rulers, and monarchs are often praised or blamed for things, of which they are entirely innocent. But even if such were not the case, it would be only an exception, and an exception proves the rule. And as to the thousands of women who, under stress of necessity earn their own living, we can only say, that if a woman is able to work, she is able to earn the wages of work, but this does not by any means prove, that it is her vocation to do so. On the contrary, all such women by such employment unsex themselves to a certain extent, they are less womanly than they should be, or are intended to be."

"How in the world can you blame a poor woman, that avails herself of any chance to earn an honest penny, and by this support herself and her children?"

"I do not blame her, I only state a fact, and the fact remains under all circumstances."

"But, according to your idea, Mick, women would be bound to spend their life in idleness."

"Not at all, Sam, not at all. I did not speak of every kind of work, but only of the work which, according to his natural fitness, is allotted to man, whilst woman is unfit for it by nature."

"For instance?"

"For instance all the works, that require great physical or mental strength and endurance. Woman is inferior to man in this, and therefore incapacitated for such pursuits."

"The records of our schools, however, prove that girls are mostly ahead of the boys, in their studies."

"This is only true in elementary studies, and also there only up to a certain age. Girls develop faster in mind and body than

boys, but they have not the broad, solid foundation, nor the endurance of boys. And hence they are ahead in the beginning, but soon fall back and cannot recover the lost ground."

"I'm afraid you lose sight of the fact that our universities and technical colleges have turned out a number of women who, as physicians, lawyers, and even engineers, made their mark."

"Well, Sam, what about the proportions? How many have succeeded in comparison to those that failed. Thousands took lessons in painting, how many first-class artists do they count? Thousands devoted themselves to music, have they got a single classical composer amongst them? Where are the women that wrote standard works of science, or excelled as explorers, inventors, engineers and the like? Now and then you hear of one, but either she does not stand the test, or she is a freak of nature, an exception which proves the rule, as I said before."

"But cannot you say the very same thing of thousands of our young men?"

"Yes, as far as the fact is concerned, but not as far as natural fitness goes. We only speak of the success depending on nature."

"Well, what work would you give to woman according to her nature?"

"Speaking of womankind as a unit, the vocation of woman is motherhood. This of necessity keeps her at home, whilst man's work mostly takes him away from home. Hence woman is by nature adapted to all kinds of domestic work, for which man is scarcely ever fit. This is her realm: Cooking, washing, sewing, mending, nursing children, etc."

"According to your idea, a woman should not be educated at all, but only trained in domestic drudgery. But do you think, Mick, that a husband could find pleasure and happiness in the society of a woman whose intellect is a perfect blank, and who in consequence would forever remain a stranger to his thoughts and aspirations."

"My words imply nothing of the kind. Just as a man may be a first-class merchant or mechanic, though he studies matters not in relation to his immediate vocation, so a woman may receive a good solid education, and yet answer perfectly the purpose of her being. The fault lies not in the fact, that women are educated,

but in the patent fact, that they are mis-educated, that is to say, that they study matters which are of no practical good to them, and neglect the domestic education which is of paramount importance."

"However, you seem to forget, that the girls who are highly educated, are, as a rule, daughters of people rich enough to allow their children a life of ease without compelling them to work."

"This argument counts for nothing. Even granting your supposition, they ought to be educated for house-wifery, first, because no one can direct servants, who does not understand the work at least as well as the servants, secondly, because we often hear of reverses of fortune, and many a woman, born with a silver spoon in her mouth, had to work for her living, and besides, no amount of riches excuses a woman from obedience to the divine command, to work. Moreover it is not true, that only the daughters of rich parents are thus educated. The public high schools are an allurements for hundreds of girls, that cannot expect anything but to become the wives of mechanics or merchants in moderate circumstances, who cannot afford to keep servants, but must look to their wives for domestic work."

"So, you intimate, that girls thus educated, make but indifferent wives and mothers?"

"Precisely, and more. It is from their ranks that the emancipated women recruit themselves. They feel themselves superior to domestic work, and unfit for it, hence they become dissatisfied, morose, and ready to embrace any scheme calculated to raise them out of this sphere, which appears to them low, beneath their dignity, a life of a slave."

"You will, however, acknowledge, that even women have rights, that must be protected, viz: property, dowry, the education of their children."

"These rights are protected, fully protected, I might almost say too fully protected. If our laws discriminate, it is not against, but in favor of women, and they go farther in this than the laws of any other country I know of. Therefore the right of ballot, for which some women are clamoring so noisily, could hardly give them a substantial and equitable benefit, which they do not now enjoy, and the admission of their

claims could but work disaster to the commonwealth. As a western bishop in declaring against these claims, pithily remarked: The women have ruined our Constitutions, making us a nation of dyspeptics, they need not ruin our government likewise. Let them attend fully and well to those domestic duties for which nature intended and qualified them, and their domestic influence will make itself sufficiently felt also in politics. Woman's influence for good and evil is enormous, because she is the principal educator of future legislators, and they will be, what their mother make of them. The influence of these emancipated blue stockings is decidedly for evil, and the sooner they are checked, the better."

"Considering the stand you take in this question, Mick, I suppose you are not very much in favor of dress reform either, and I would not be surprised to learn, that you expect the women to get their fashions from men."

"You are mistaken there. I am in favor of dress reform, because a reform is badly needed. Only, I mean, a reform somewhat different than the one you have in your eye."

"What reform can you possibly mean outside of the apparel which advanced women are striving to introduce now?"

"Well, according to my old-fashioned notions, dress, amongst other purposes, is worn to hide the figure, and the modern dresses are worn for the purpose of bringing out the figure fully. Thus they are in themselves immodest, and calculated to excite the passions of man. As to full dress, it is positively indecent, and no plea of habit or social position can avail in favor of it. Besides, there is a certain natural taste in arranging embroidery and coloring a dress. But the fashions of these latter years are senseless, ugly beyond description, ridiculous to the utmost."

"Hence you are an enemy of bloomers, of course?"

"I do not care whether women wear bloomers or not. I do not look upon them as more indecent than the present mode of dressing. In general, I do not care what women wear, as long as modesty and natural taste are not outraged by it. I would even look upon bloomers as a positive improvement, if women adopting them

would at the same time discard corsets and assume blouses instead of tight-fitting dresses. In my opinion, the women of Southeastern Europe show more natural taste and sense of fitness in their dress than your 'civilized woman,' who for anything appears like a fantastically dressed Christmas doll."

"Why, you are a perfect Titan, Mick. You had better look out for yourself."

"No danger. If woman wishes to enjoy the real esteem of earnest and sincere men, if she wishes to wield a controlling and far-reaching influence in the circle, within which nature has placed her, if she wishes to earn the gratitude of mankind for the beneficent influence she exercises, let her be a woman, a whole-souled woman, but a woman only, contented with her station, discharging her duty faithfully, and not making herself a source of trouble and financial ruin to her father or husband by her extravagant and idolatrous worship of her body. She then will be not a sham queen, but a real queen within her realm, and the influence she now seeks on crooked roads, will fall to her naturally in a legitimate manner."

## SEVENTY STROKES.

### A Thought for November.

For the Carmelite Review.

BY F. A. B.

"The nun in the cloister heard it,  
And the monk in his quiet cell;  
They prayed with a holy fervor  
At the sound of St. Mungo's bell."  
—*Iona T. Sadlier.*



BEAUTIFUL evening in the fall of 188— found us enjoying a brisk walk on one of the highest and most picturesque points on the main ridge of the beautiful Alleghanies. Our homeward route lay mostly along the old

pike road, now well-nigh deserted, but which away back to colonial days had been one of the busiest of the great national thoroughfares.

Our conversation was confined to monosyllables. We both had kindred thoughts which gave us plenty of food for meditation. Were we not treading the same ground, which, long before the Liberty bell sent forth its joyous peal, had resounded to the martial tread of veteran troops, and were we not passing through hills which had re-echoed with the voices of Washington and his escort! Alas! as some one has said, "All things human admit of change and vicissitude." Those gallant brigades are no more. They have made their last

march and fallen into line with the "great majority."

The sun was setting at least for us but for those in the valley below it had passed from view five and twenty minutes since. To-day that luminous orb had shone for the last time on many an earthly pilgrim whose dawn would be in eternity! A small cloud for a moment veiled the dying sun. It was darkened on one Friday dear to Christians—perhaps to-day too was freighted with hours of agony for some poor dying soul. The wind which whistles o'er the hill-tops suggests such things.

The leaves were rapidly falling. Ah! awful thought, too well do we recall the words of Carmel's daughter, St. Teresa, who tells us that "souls who are falling daily into hell are like unto the leaves which fall in autumn."

Our meditation was suddenly broken by the tolling of a bell in the valley. It was not the Angelus bell; no, it was what is vulgarly called the "death bell."

It is, indeed, a beautiful custom, that of tolling the church bell whenever some poor mortal is summoned before its Judge. It reminds us how much that poor soul stands in urgent need of our immediate prayers. That is what is meant by St. Mungo's bell, (sometimes known as the *De profundis* bell) of which the poetess so pathetically sings.

This evening the bell, which we heard, resounded far and near. Down in the village the blacksmith laid his hammer aside and stood still in order to count the strokes, and over at the postoffice a sudden silence came over the chattering crowd, which daily came together at mail time.

"Seventy strokes!" shouted in the small boy who, at school, was usually at the head of the arithmetic class.

"It's poor old Mr. —," said everyone in chorus.

"Well, God rest his soul, a great privilege to die on the eve of Saturday," said good old Mr. K., who had great faith in the Sabbatine Privilege.

Seventy strokes! They had fallen on other ears beyond the little hamlet. The sound was heard by the pious Benedictine Sister, who whispered a devout *De Profundis* as she noiselessly paced the convent cloister. It was heard too by the brown-cowled monks in the monastery perched high on yonder hill. It was the hour of prayer in that same monastic home. The friars were chanting the divine office. Yes, they were indeed singing the psalms of that royal singer, who tells us that the span of human life shall be of years "four score and ten," signified to-day by seventy strokes!

That evening (and every evening) the monks chanted a *Requiem aeternam* for their dead benefactors and the "deceased members of our confraternity." Thus the septuagenarian who died that day was well remembered. More than that. Like himself the monks will die too. But communities as a rule do not die, so the consoling

thought remains, that as long as such a religious body exists, so too shall we be remembered at God's altar. If this fact were better appreciated I am sure people would not be so slow in attaching themselves to one of the many pious confraternities in the Church, especially to the Scapular Confraternity, which is so jealous of the memory of its deceased members.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seventy strokes! Often since have I thought of that quiet autumnal evening. But I have recalled that solemn tolling under different circumstances.

During the summer just passed an engineer was approaching a crossing. No danger seemed to be ahead, and the throttle was pulled wide open. At the same time two fiery horses pulling a fire truck were dashing towards the same crossing. There was a wild clanging of bells, and waving of signals. 'Twas too late. Several young healthy firemen were hurled in every direction and frightfully mangled. They gave promise of having seventy strokes or more sounded at their death. But, alas, for human calculation, half that number would suffice to toll their requiem.

Another reflection presents itself. Far away from the quiet of the mountain in one of our large cities, above the din of the divers noises, is heard the fire gong. Everyone instinctively knows that sound. People stop and listen. They know the number of the box. And here comes in a practical query. Why is it that people are so deaf to other sounds, sounds that do not appeal to their curiosity, but sounds which remind them of more solemn things—say of death—or which call upon them to pray for the poor suffering souls?

We are not only deaf, but we are at times likewise blind. How many, on beholding a funeral procession, think of the reality? During this month of suffering souls, Holy Church will often try to attract our attention by arraying her ministers in vestments of sombre hue. Perhaps we will fall victims to a sort of spiritual color-blindness, and not see—and consequently not think of the poor souls who cry out to us for help. Don't close your eyes. If you do, God will allow others to treat you in the same manner.

Seventy strokes! Humanly speaking, that represents a large number. Most of us would like to live to the ripe old age of seventy years. It means 840 months, 25,550 days, 6,132,000 hours, 367,920,000 minutes, 22,075,200,000 seconds, and nearly that many pulsations of your heart. That is a long time. But, seriously, what is it after all? In the eyes of God the life of man is no more than that of a sand-fly, which lives but twenty-four hours.

Seventy strokes! How many of the suffering souls were deceived in their hopes for a long life? Will seventy strokes toll your requiem? Perhaps a smaller number. How many?